

VOL. I.]

[No. 6.

THE
SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"For we can do nothing against the truth but for the truth."—Paul.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

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CHICAGO. ILL.:

HULL & JAMIESON, PUBLISHERS, No. 90 WASHINGTON ST., P. O. DRAWER 5966.

TERMS \$2 PER ANNUM.

SINGLE COPIES, 20 CTS.

THE PRESENT AGE,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy, Polite Literature & General Intelligence.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT LYONS, MICH.,

BY THE

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VOL. I. CHICAGO, ILL., NOV., 1868. No. 6.

BIBLE DISCUSSION BETWEEN REV. GEORGE CLENDENAN AND MOSES HULL.

ELDER CLENDENAN'S SIXTH LETTER.

BROTHER HULL: Your Magazine reached me in due time, but the reading of your reply to my fifth letter has been long delayed, the explanation of which will be found in a private note, forwarded with this communication. Without apology or explanation I will pay my respects to your fifth response before going on with the affirmative.

2. In paragraph 6 you reaffirm that the Lord moved David to number Israel. Let us see—1 Chron. xxi: 1—"And *Satan* stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." The pronoun "*he*" in 2 Sam. xxiv, refers to Satan, and not to the Lord. Boothroyd renders 2 Sam. xxiv: 1—"The anger of the Lord was excited against Israel because an adversary stood up and moved David," etc. Let the Bible be its own interpreter, and all is plain. I will just remark that Satan is the marginal reading.

3. I *did not* accuse you of falsehood, unqualified and absolute. I affirmed this of a certain charge made by you. My dear sir, cannot I brand a position as false without casting a personal reflection upon the author?

Brother Hull, the airs you put on in your seventh paragraph are simply ridiculous. You charge directly that Jesus was a horse thief, and manifest surprise if Christians do not endure your impious Billingsgate with equanimity, but if an opponent in strict keeping with polemic decorum charges you with false assumptions, why, forsooth, you are such a paragon of punctilio that it would

be inconsistent with dignity to defend yourself. I am determined that the issues shall be sharply defined. Let any one affirm of my positions that they are false, and see if I do not return to their defence; that is all!

4. The statute in Deut. xiv, is a prohibition of a practice which at that time was universal. All reform must be gradual. The tendency of the statute was to do away, discountenance altogether, such food. Your reference to Deut. xiv: 26, is a miserable perversion.

The facts in the case are simply these: the Jews were required to assemble three times a year at Jerusalem, for festival purposes. If any lived so far distant that they could not carry their provisions, the permit is given them to sell and take the money thus obtained, and go up to Jerusalem, and there purchase provisions for the feast. How different this from the drunkard who robs his family. And yet, Brother Hull affirms the cases are equal.

5. You think the Bible cannot be plenary inspired because it teaches that there were four days without the sun. But what constitutes a day? The revolution of the earth on its axis. Hence we have a portion of every day without the sun. And if one-half of the day can exist without the sun why not the whole? Say, Bro. Hull, why not? But I deny that the Bible teaches that four days elapsed before the sun was *created*. Four days did, however, intervene between the creation and the time the sun was *made* (i. e., appointed) *a light bearer to the earth*. The earth existed four geologic days or eras before the mists of chaos had sufficiently subsided to permit the beams of the sun to shine upon it.

6. In your ninth paragraph you controvert my first argument, viz: that the denial of my affirmative involves an absurdity. It is amusing to witness the difficulties of infidelity. The gist of your reply is contained in the following humiliating confession: "I know of no infallibility."

What! Can we be infallibly assured of nothing?

Sic transit gloria infideli. Why, my dear fellow, if you cannot be infallibly certain of anything, for aught you know the *Bible may be plenary inspired!* Moses, permit me as a friend to advise you to devote more than "three hours" to your replies. The time won't be lost.

What you say touching any discrepancy between the law and the Gospel is only designed to throw dust in the eyes of the reader. The law was perfect for the accomplishment of the purpose of its existence. It was not a finality. The prophet Jeremiah, seven hundred years before the Christian era, foretold the close of the Jewish and the introduction of the Christian Covenant.—Jer. xxxi: 31–35.

7. In your tenth paragraph you notice my second argument. Permit me to restate it, as you think it somewhat *muddy*. Bro. Hull affirms that every effect is the result of the workings of eternal infallible law; therefore the Bible being one of those results, is necessarily infallible. To this you reply, "Does it follow because an infallible law produced an egg, therefore an egg is infallible?"

I reply yes, an egg is infallible. Now, sir, here is the issue clearly made out. An egg is as infallible for the purpose of its existence as the law that produced it. Every seed, every grain, as it comes fresh from the hand of Nature's infallible law, is infallible for the purpose of its existence. This may all be extremely "muddy" to you—I shall await with some interest to see how you will dispose of this *ad hulem* argument.

8. In your eleventh, you ask "Is it not your reason that tells you that the Bible is infallible? But your reason is fallible, therefore you cannot arrive at infallible conclusions about the Bible." I retort—is it not your reason that tells you that the Bible is not plenary inspired? But your reason is fallible, therefore you, Bro. H., can never know that the Bible is *not* of plenary inspiration.

Now to your closing question, "Is it infallibly true that Christ said and did so many things that the world could not contain the books?"

I reply that this is a figure of speech, called *hyperbole*, and simply means that it would require a *great many* books.

Longinus says of a certain man that he was the owner of a piece of land no larger than a Greek letter, meaning of course that he owned a very small piece of land, yet you do not for a moment think that Longinus told a falsehood. Virgil says of a man that he was so tall that he reached to the stars, meaning that

he was very tall. This figure of speech abounds in all writings. Strange that one so intelligent as my opponent would think of urging this as an argument against the inspiration of the Bible. Having now, as I believe, done justice to your response, I will proceed to the defence of the affirmative.

9. The Bible account of creation is in accordance with the ascertained facts of science. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. This was in the beginning. The Bible is silent concerning the time of this beginning, but proceeds to describe the process by which the earth was recovered from its chaotic state. The results of the six days of Moses correspond precisely with the developments of geologic eras. I am aware of the fact that this is the favorite stamping ground of infidelity, but that I may not anticipate, I will await your reply to this argument.

10. My fifth argument is as follows: The Bible history is uncontradicted by a single fact or record of antiquity. I shall for the present content myself with a simple statement of this argument, reserving its illustration to some future time.

11. It has been urged that the alleged cruelties contained in the Bible are inconsistent with its claims to inspiration. It must be remembered however, that one design of revelation is to give a faithful history of sin, its origin and influence upon even the best men. It gives us a perfect transcript of human life—gives us a diagnosis of the disease before presenting the remedy. The only question being on the controversy is: are those records correct?

12. But it is still urged that the Bible endorses such acts as the destruction of the Antediluvians, of the Egyptians, the Canaanites, the Amalekites, &c. I admit the fact but deny the legitimacy of the deduction. Cannot God do as much to maintain the honor of his law as man can? We sent a million of men down South, burned their cities, killed fathers, husbands and sons, starved women and children, and all for what? To maintain the honor of the government and the laws. Now we must take refuge amid the driveling, stupid bog of atheism, and say there is no being in the universe who has the right to impose *law* on man, or else charge our "boys in blue" as invaders and murderers. An atheist or a traitor we must be, or else retract the position that

the Bible cannot be inspired because it contains a faithful record of the dread penalties consequent upon a violation of Divine law.

Sincerely true,

GEORGE CLENDENAN.

MR. HULL'S SIXTH REPLY.

BROTHER CLENDENAN: Your letter, also your private note, were found on my table on my arrival at home from Minnesota, last week. Your apology for not having written sooner is accepted. I sympathize with you in your afflictions, and regret that you cannot know that the *trio* who have been born into the "Summer Land" since we entered this *arena*, are still with you. Your heart now calls for the consolations of Spiritualism.

2. In paragraph two you make the important announcement that the pronoun *he* in 2 Sam. xxiv: 1, refers to Satan: "Whence hath this man all this wisdom?" The text reads as follows: "And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and He moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel." How that *he* can refer to the devil when the *Lord* was the only person spoken of in the text, will take a devotee of Orthodoxy to explain. I had supposed that pronouns were introduced to prevent the too frequent occurrence of nouns. It would be tautology to say: And the Lord moved David to number Israel, after having said in the same sentence, The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel. No rule of grammar will permit the pronoun *he* to apply to any other than the one who was angry. Your quotation from 2 Chron. xxi: 1, instead of helping you out, adds to your difficulty by presenting a contradictory statement. The very point I undertook to prove in my last was, that the statements contradict each other. If I have failed on that, you have helped me out; thank you for the aid. Your Boothroyd's rendering, although made on purpose to relieve the texts of difficulties, does not help the matter. It makes God get mad at innocent Israel, because David becomes an instrument through which a wicked adversary works. Why does not God give vent to his rage on the "adversary," and not on Israel, and the millions of dollars' worth of cattle and sheep which certainly had nothing to do with the crime, if, indeed, there was a crime.

3. In paragraph three, you say, "I did not accuse you of falsehood unqualified and absolute." Well, here are your words, make of them what you can: "*Touching your first charge, I brand it as a falsehood unqualified and absolute, I know this may be deemed unkind. I candidly confess that it is intentionally so. Argument and persuasion are sometimes out of place; they would be just here.*" See letter 5, par. 7. Again, you say, I have charged directly that Jesus was a horse thief. Where? When? Under what circumstances? I don't know that Jesus ever saw a horse. He did take a couple of jackasses under rather suspicious circumstances, and rode into Jerusalem twice at once; but even that would not make him a horse thief. See Matt. xxi: 1-7. You will find it much easier to charge me with falsehood and brand my argument as "impious Billingsgate," than to face their music. You are more accustomed to slang than argument. I do not blame you for this. "Of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

4. You come next to the bad meat question, and say the tendency of the statute was to prohibit the use of such food altogether. How a statute positively commanding them to sell that which dieth of itself, to the Gentiles, (Deut. xiv: 21,) is calculated to prohibit the use of such things, I cannot see. If bad meat was not fit for a Jew to eat, it was not fit for a Gentile, and the Jews had no right to furnish it for them. This Biblical statute strongly reminds one of the newly converted lady, who said: "I used to wear a great deal of jewelry, but I found it was dragging me down to hell, and so I sold it to my sister." Now to the miserable perversion that you accuse me of having thrown around Deut. xiv: 26. You think this text only refers to sacrificial purposes. That may be. If so, I apprehend they had *Bacchanalian* feasts three times a year, for the text emphatically tells them to bestow their money for *strong drink*. Why not interpret that text as you would my language, if I were to give you a dollar, and tell you to pay it for strong drink or whatsoever your soul lusted after?

5. In your fifth paragraph you undertake to harmonize the existence of four days without the sun with geology. But in this you practically illustrate the fact that drowning men will grasp at straws. Your straw, however, will do you no good. What con-

stitutes a day? You say "the revolution of the earth upon its axis." In this you are geologically correct, but scripturally wrong. The Bible says, (Ps. xxxvi : 7, 8,) "God gave the sun to rule the day." Did the sun rule the days before it was made? Your *ad captandum* about the sun becoming a light bearer is bare assumption, nothing more. Your assumption about the days being "four geologic periods" has been so often exploded that I will not waste much time or paper on it. According to the Bible, God made the world and all things therein in six days, leaving a little job of finishing to do on the seventh, and finally sent Moses to give the following commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath [rest] of the Lord thy God, * * * for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it." Ex. xx : 8-11. Now if the six days were six "geologic periods," and the seventh a period of *inertia*, then we are commanded to rest on each successive return of the seventh "geologic period," "because that in it God rested." In another place Moses has it as follows: "Wherefore the children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath, to observe the Sabbath throughout their generations, for a perpetual covenant. It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the seventh day he rested and was refreshed."—Ex. xxxi : 16, 17. Nothing can be plainer. Man must work on just such days as God worked, then rest just such a day as God rested, and be refreshed just as God was. So, brother, your geologic periods only exist in your own imagination. In their stead you have God getting so tired in consequence of six days' work that he must have refreshing rest. Perhaps the eight hour system was not so popular then as now; had it been, God perhaps could have worked a day or two longer without needing the refreshment of a whole day's rest.

6. It is, as you say, "amusing to witness the difficulties of infidelity;" but the chief difficulty lies in getting an opponent to take hold of something that contains something more than a play upon words. Had infidels the power to manufacture brains for

some who live a thousand years in the past, to make men distinguish between persons and principles, all other difficulties would soon vanish. In my assertion that "I know of no infallibility," I ought to have excepted your articles in this discussion. Had I made this exception you would not have felt so "humiliated." As it is, I shall be compelled to ask you where infallibility rests? By what rule will you try it? Mind is fallible. All our conceptions are fallible; we, therefore could not grasp an infallible revelation. Indeed, you yourself have intimated as much. You have said of certain faulty Biblical precepts, they were as good as they could be under the circumstances. You cannot make the same revelation to an idiot that you can to a philosopher. Now let me try your logic. It runs after this fashion: "Why, my dear fellow, if you cannot be infallibly certain of anything, for ought you know, the Bible is plenary inspired." How profound! Where is Barnum? I am not infallible, therefore I do not know but that the Bible is. No. If a fallible person can find errors, absurdities, incongruities and contradictions in the Bible, how many more could be found if it were tried at the court of infallibility. You next evade one of my arguments, by saying that "the law was not a finality," and quote—Jer. xxxi: 31-33—to prove it. That won't do, for that text talks the other way. It informs us that when the new covenant shall have accomplished its work, the law, instead of being repealed, *shall be written in the hearts of the people.*

7. Again, you argue the infallibility of the Bible on account of the infallible law which produced it. Did I not know you to be sincere, when talking on religious matters, I would be led to think it was thrown in to fill out the space you are to occupy with your letters, and not that you thought there was any worth in it as argument. Why, my dear brother, the law which produced the comic almanac is the same as that which produced the Bible; is it therefore infallible? Can you see no difference between the thing and the law which produced it? Man is produced by a law which is as unerring as any law, yet man errs. As proof of this, please see Elder Clendenan's letters.

8. Your argument in paragraph eight is but little more than a repetition of paragraph seven. Indeed your whole argument reminds one of "Another locust took another grain and carried it

away," etc. In this you argue that if reason is fallible you cannot prove the fallibility of the Bible by it. What a *petitio principii*! I thought you had started out to prove the *infallibility* of the Bible, and now you gravely inform me that I cannot prove the Bible is *fallible*, because, forsooth, reason is fallible! *Mirabile dictu*! Such "retorts" come with an ill grace from one on whom rests the burden of proof, especially when they contain neither logic or eloquence. With regard to the big story that you call "hyperbole," I will only say the story was exaggerated, and the meaning of the word you use as a means of escape is *exaggeration*. There never was a *lie* told in the world, but that could be covered with the word *hyperbole*. Your collation of one or two other lies from other Greek works does not justify this; the falsehood in this instance is quite as great as that of Virgil's tall man.

9. You next make the wonderful discovery that "the Bible account of creation is in accordance with the ascertained facts of science." To what scientific text books are you indebted for this light? Is it a scientific fact that the earth was without form and void? What form has that which is without form? Such an earth as that would be worth going a great way to see. The truth is, the earth never was without form. Did God make a firmament? Of what did he make it? How did God fasten the stars in the firmament? Suppose a screw should get loose in this brazen or iron firmament, what would the result be? Do your scientific books tell? Do any of them reveal the process of manufacturing woman out of one of man's ribs? Your scientific facts will be of great service here! Your scientific works will undoubtedly tell all about the process of making "every tree and every herb" before they were planted in the ground. I am extremely anxious to see these "ascertained facts." Your "geologic eras," I have noticed in another place.

10. When you come to the *future time* where you are going to "illustrate" your argument that "the Bible history is uncontradicted by a single fact or record of antiquity," I shall have the audacity to inquire what portions of it? As it contradicts itself in so many places, I shall be anxious to know what parts you refer to. Which of the three contradictory statements concerning Paul's conversion is "uncontradicted by antiquity"? Which of the con-

tradictory histories of the cosmogony do you endorse? Which of the two stories concerning the time of Christ's death and resurrection? Which of the two concerning the suicide of Judas? Where is your history corroborating the massacreing of the infants—the preaching of John the Baptist—the quaking of the earth and rending of the rocks at the death of Christ? What about the resurrection of certain dead bodies at the resurrection of Christ? I am anxious for that *future* to come, when the historical facts shall be forthcoming.

11. In paragraph eleven you say, "It has been urged that the alleged cruelties contained in the Bible are inconsistent with its claims to inspiration." No, my brother, you misunderstand the point. It is not that the Bible gives the history of wrong, but that its best saints are the perpetrators of the wrong, and that the wrong was perpetrated under the direct command of its authors. As, for instance, the command to steal from the Egyptians, the command to kill innocent children, the command to kill your own children for a difference of religious sentiment, the command to hate your own wife and children, etc. See Ex. xi: 2, 3; Num. xxxi: 17; Deut. xiii: 6-9; Luke xiv: 26.

12. You next urge that God maintained the honor of his law by destroying the Antediluvians, the Egyptians, the Canaanites, the Midianites, etc. Strange law that! Its *honor* must be maintained in the destruction of hundreds and thousands of innocent creatures! I am glad I worship a God whose honor does not depend upon the destruction of millions of smiling infants. Any effort to evade the issue by telling the people of the American war will not avail. We do not measure God's power by men's weakness, nor yet his goodness by their wickedness. More than that, the cases are not parallel. Look at the wicked command, "kill all the male children, but the females save alive for yourselves." Num. xxxi: 17, 18. My dear brother, you have a hard task. "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Yet I will urge you to fight on; your effort will at least prove a warning to others—may teach drowning men that straws won't save them.

Yours for Light and Truth,

MOSES HULL.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

BY JOHN F. HOLLISTER.

Lo! the growth and decay of all that can die,
By the elements play, beneath the broad sky,
As, the glory of morning is buried in night,
And Earth's cunning beauty, in mildew and blight;

Thus, recrement drosses
Bemingle the gold—
The Spirit of Man
That never grows old.

The plants and the vines, and berries and grains,
And clovers and fruits of gardens and plains,
Of valley and mountain, of forest and glade—
A season they flourish, then rotting are laid:

Thus, ages and cycles
Primeval unrolled,
Ere the Spirit of Man,
Which never grows old.

The ant and the bee, the spider, the leech,
The mole in the earth, the clam on the beach,
The brutes of the prairie, the birds of the sky,
Sport a brief season, then sicken and die.

Nature, still busy
Exalting her mold
Toward the Spirit of Man—
That never grows old.

Man, only a germ, is flung on life's stage;
Labors through growth and ripeness and age;
Suffers and totters adown the bleak hill:
So closes the drama of life's living chill.

From out this finale,
Repulsive and cold,
Springs the Spirit of Man
That never grows old.

Fatigued are the hands in the warfare of life,
And weary the heart in the militant strife;
Faith, feeble with watching, Hope, faint with delay,
In unison sighing their ardors away.

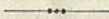
Some vestige immortal
 These ruins unfold,
 'Tis the Spirit of Man—
 That never grows old.

The tongue becomes silent, the eyes become dim,
 The ear loses hearing, the muscles their vim;
 The nerves forget feeling, the passions their sway;
 The senses are stealing in Lethe away:

Thus, is the immortal
 By piecemeal outrolled,
 The Spirit of Man—
 That never grows old.

There's a home for this spirit, in gardens of bliss—
 Unfrosted by winter, or dying, as this—
 With fountains elysian, in musical chime,
 To water the fruits of the supernal clime;

Celestial their relish,
 Their sweetness untold;
 The spirit regaling,
 Can never grow old.



THE NECESSITY OF THE LIFE TO COME.

A SERMON.

BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

NOTE.—I print this sermon because a partially untrue report of it has been noticed by some Spiritualists that I respect, and I am anxious *they* should know exactly what I said. I want to add, also, that I have tried constantly to keep my mind and heart open to any truth Spiritualists may have to tell that I do not hold already. Have gone to meetings, witnessed demonstrations, received so-called messages from the Spirit Land,—done all that a reasonable man can do, I think, to know the truth about this matter, because I want to know it, and to be a Spiritualist, if Spiritualism in the present sense of that term be true. I am no nearer, so far as I can see, than I was before I began. I have still to wait and watch for the light, and accept the truth and demonstration of the Spirit World on other grounds, namely, of the light that is in my own soul; and that has been, and is now, in many other souls, on the sub-

ject, especially the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. I am satisfied with this so far as it goes, and am sure I shall not grow less but more satisfied as I grow better and wiser.

"Jesus said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and gave up the ghost."—Luke xxiii: 46.

"And your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii: 3.

It may be said of most matters affecting our life that they have their time. Men are deeply interested now in art, and then in history, now in morals, and then in mechanics, and one interest gives way to another as one age succeeds another; but the question of the life to come always keeps its place as a painful or a tender question, whatever beside may fill the mind and soul. It has been said that man is a yonder-minded being, that he is always looking onward into another life, and the saying may be easily made good to any one who will watch the face of mankind and see how it is looking right on, through all the generations, to that which is within the veil. From the lowest and basest to the loftiest and noblest men, and from the oldest to the newest ages, there has been no real break in this looking from hither to yonder. The savage, with ever so little civility, has it in common with the Savior—and when the old Scandinavian would shout his delight at the near approach of death because he believed he was going into the company of his brother warriors, and Socrates said that the elevation of soul, that was so wonderful to his followers when his own martyrdom drew near, rested on the foundation of a sure belief in a higher and more noble existence, they only expressed the one conviction, each after his own fashion.

It is, no doubt, true that this onward look is seldom quite clear until the very end of life. I think sometimes that we must approach the life to come, as a sailor would approach a new and strange land, through the mist, or as Columbus first approached America. The signs are that we are coming to land, and we always believed that that must some how be the end of the voyage, but only at *last* is the land to be seen standing in the Sun of Eternity, when the mists and shadows of death are cleared away, and the soul enters her desired haven. It is also probable that in this time more persons are in doubt about the life to come than ever before. If we did not know this from their own confessions

we might guess it from the painful eagerness so many show to believe those material proofs of Spiritualism, such as the tipping of tables, which can be no more, as I think, to the true spiritual life to come, than the old wooden idol was to the true God.

What proof is there, men say, that there is any life to come at all? No man ever came back to tell us anything about it, that would prove it past a peradventure; not a word has ever penetrated across the silence from any that have entered. Multitudes past all computation depart, they pass the line that divides the present from the future. The eternities receive them out of our sight, and we stand on the shores of time bemoaning. If we could once hear one word assuring us of its existence, then we should be content; but we cannot be content with this misty uncertainty; we want to know about it; show us the life to come and it suffices us. Now, in what I shall say to you this evening, I want to touch both these things, the light and the darkness, on the way of life; and in doing this I will speak briefly of three things.

1st. What is not a necessity of the life to come.

2d. What is a necessity, as I see it.

3d. What, therefore, may be the assurances.

First. Let me say on this negative side, that it is very probable, if it were the will of God that we should receive one such assurance as we want, he must then alter our whole nature and constitution, kill out our curiosity and longing and determination to know more, or else the whole world would be in commotion, every present duty neglected, and the life that now is utterly despised in the strife to open the whole secret of that which is to come. Let me illustrate this, by referring again to what is known as Spiritualism, a thing for which, when it is that and not Materialism, I have always cherished a great and tender hope.

Spiritualism professes to have received just such an assurance as this that doubting men are pleading for. The silences, their mediums tell us, have been broken, signs are given, voices are heard, and the very hand of the departed is stretched out from the Spirit Land and touches the cheek wet with tears for its loss. Now, I have inquired in all directions for the practical result of this revelation, not from the enemies but from the friends of Spir-

itualism—from clear-minded men who believe in it, and from others who do not believe it, but who do like some of the things about it. I talked the other day with one of the freest and most unbiased men I ever met in these matters, who has often spoken for Spiritualist congregations, and the whole testimony I can gather, as well as my own observation, pushes me to the conclusion I have come to with great reluctance, that the phenomena received with perfect good faith as proofs of the life to come, destroy the finest energies and accomplishments of this life; so that I know to-day some earnest men and women who have had to give up their connection with these societies because they cannot get them to take hold of the things that are needing to be done at their hands, things on which the welfare of the world in which we are now living directly depends. They will do nothing for the uplifting of our common humanity. Many of their own friends say they want to sit forever in the presence of the phenomena and devour signs and wonders.

And this is not without a parallel in our common life. We read in the Spanish history that when they had begun to receive signs and wonders about this very common place world to come, over here in America, after Columbus returned, the whole kingdom went distracted about it. Agriculture, arts and manufactures were at a stand still. The old world they were living in was nothing to them, and their government and religion were both rapidly debased. Everybody wanted to find out all about the new world—the world to come—and to get its blessings by some shorter cut than blessings could be gotten where they lived. They would have the gold of the land which was good, and sit at their ease and sing hallelujah. They got the gold to find themselves unspeakably poorer for it. And even on the tables of the nobility sometimes, the old chronicles tell us, there was hardly a thing to eat, while the boards groaned with the gold and silver.

Now, I think it is a hint of what might come to the whole old world if the new world *should* be opened, not to our faith, for to that it is always open, but to our sight. If we could *know* a little we should want to know more, and then to know everything, and then be so taken up with it as not to be worth our salt in the life we are living.

Well, then, I think of this in another way when I hear men say they want to *know*. It was a great wonder to me thirty-five years ago, when I followed that dearest of all the occupations of a boy, that of fishing in the shallows of our small river, to find vast numbers of little creatures that I must have taken at first for bits of stick, but soon found to be some sort of grub. Then I learned that this grub in good time burst its bonds, rose out of that element and became the dragon fly, the splendid creature I would see flashing in the summer sun, and I have always had a warm heart toward that strange transfiguration since I began to think much about this silence between the worlds for the argument there is in it, of this beautiful natural impossibility, that the silence *should* be broken, in the possibly altered nature of the departed. I think of it as a sort of parable in which God would teach us after a gracious fashion, the lesson we are so reluctant to learn. I get as near as I can to the small creatures nestling together in the water, I imagine they have their poor little friendships, their lame communications, and their half expressed affections after their own fashion, just as we have. That they wonder, also, in some dim way, what had become of old companions who have left the outward shell of them in their little world there, and have gone into a world unknown, unknown except that the light and warmth of it penetrate down where *they* are living. "Where *have* they gone to," one says to another in that grub talk that is, I suppose, to ours what ours is to the speech of the angels, and there is no answer; not one that ever went away has come back to tell his old companions about his new condition. And then, I think, some May morning one will say to another, "I feel that I must be going too, I cannot tell where, I cannot tell how—only I know I must leave this life and go into the life to come." "Ah!" then says the one that is left, "will you not try to tell me something about your life up there, if you have one, what it is, where it is, and what you are doing in it?" "By the great love that binds us," says the poor little thing, "I will do it if I can," and departs. But there is silence forever between the worlds. The little shallow in the water hears nothing of the great deep in the sun. The poor, small, imprisoned creature has to wait for his *own* change before he can *know* anything about it; because, in the new life to

which his friend has risen, the conditions are so different that it would be destruction to the risen one to go back again and tell his old companions of the great change.

I say, I love this parable, because it seems to me to touch the edge of this great secret of the silence between the worlds. "I shall go to him, but he cannot return to me," David said, and then he rose up and washed himself and ate bread and was comforted, for the child, though the child was gone, and he could hear his voice no more, or the sound of his foot, for no doubt the deep heart of the poet had somehow guessed this parable of nature and God, and was content. And "I shall go to him, but he cannot return to me," was not a cry out of his desolation, but was the assurance of a divine order, in which death is the shadow of life. And so this universe is everywhere "bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

And these reasons that lie in the nature of things make it easier than it could be otherwise, to touch now the last mistake I can mention that men make in conceiving that to be a necessity, which is not a necessity at all. If it be true that there is such a difference between this life and that as to make a visible or audible proof of no more use by comparison than it would be for a dragon-fly to shake a little twig that happened to be in the water, for the comfort of his old companion the grub, then it is very probable that before we can arrive at any clear content about what is to come, we shall have to get rid of some very hurtful notions that crowd upon us whenever we think about it, and hinder the efforts of the soul to arrive at a true conclusion concerning our condition. When I come to speak of the nature of the life to come I will try to tell what it *can* be; but for one moment just here, I must say what it can not be. It cannot be for the worst enemy I have in the world, or the most wicked man I know, only a dreadful torment and punishment, in which he shall suffer forever, hopeless and helpless, for the deeds done in the body. John Hales, one of the old tolerant English preachers, used to say that nobody would conclude another man to be damned eternally who did not wish him to be. I can think of no more fatal blow to a gracious faith in this life to come, in any soul, than that that soul shall be full of this belief in damnation to all but a little company. "If thine

eye be evil," the Savior said, "thy whole body shall be full of darkness." It may be that the eye is good that can look on this world and conclude that the vast majorities of its hapless inhabitants are sure to be lost. I know there are good men who have *only* such a vision. Albert Barnes has told us lately that that is the best he can see. He cannot be very glad, if that be so, to look forward to the life to come, to think of it, to long for it and press eagerly toward it, any more than if, when I was in old England and had begun to feel that by and by I must come to America, I had known that I could only go down South to live where I might be very happy, if I could, in the small company of the elect, with human beings crying in agony about me. I think I would not want such a life to come as that; certainly in the deepest and best sense I would not believe in it. I might myself be quite secure, and I might also be full of felicity, but while those hapless creatures there in pain all about me, if I stayed in my heaven without trying to help them, I should more than deserve their hell. There is no LIFE to come in such conceptions, but merely enjoyment to come, pleasure to come, luxury to come, something *we* very much like and wish for to come. We are generally aristocrats and not republicans in our ideas of heaven.

But passing from this, I want to speak now of what is the necessity of the life to come, as it rises out of two things. The revelation of the life we are now living on earth and the revelation of God from heaven.

I begin by saying, That if at any rate this be so, and the new world is standing *there* in the light that has so attracted and captivated the noblest souls, my uncertainty about it, or disbelief in its existence, can make no more difference to the fact of its being there, than did the disbelief of the vast majority of men in the existence of this new world, when the great navigator set out to find it, destroy the continent and islands that were waiting to be realized through his faith. It is no loss for the life to come or to any believer in it that I shall say I can make nothing of it. It is only a loss to me, robbing me of a great consolation that might carry me through many a dark day and heavy trouble, and be a foretaste of the eternal life. It seems to me, however, that it

must be very hard work to get clear of a faith in the life to come, in some form, no matter what our ideas may be about revelation.

If the surest lesson we learn from nature and providence is that nothing is ever lost, but that everything is saved and used with a divine economy, over which the wisdom of the world bends more and more in endless wonder, then we must conclude, that the results of a life time, or of ever so small a part of a life time, the experiences and ideas, the whole life that comes through living, the most precious of which we have any knowledge, can not be wasted. When life has come to its perfection in old age, or holds the prophecy of childhood as the bloom of youth, or the strength of the man in its heart, let the future be what it will, by all the analogies of nature, it cannot be wasted; and for a man to sit down and say, as one by one his fellow men depart, that man has ceased to exist, must be one of the wildest imaginations that can ever enter the mind.

A child in the nursery, only sure that his father is the wisest person there is, says to himself some day, "I wonder what becomes of all those plants my father is taking away. He watches them, tends them, prunes, dresses, and grafts them, and then—when they might come to something good—takes them up and carries them off, and I never see them again." If there were no assurances from the father that these plants were taken away to be planted again, *that* would be the child's conclusion, if he saw that the father was wise and careful in everything beside, a conclusion, beside which any idea of plucking up and casting away precious plants to rot would be intolerably painful and repulsive; and it would not be enough to say to such a child, "Do you not see that your father has taken a slip from each of these plants, or two, or ten, and started other plants for which these that have come to some growth must make room?" The simple heart of a child would reply to that, "But these you are pulling up, in their own way, are better, you must not destroy them to make way for those;" and the child would be right. So the necessity for the life to come, in its lowest and simplest form, rests in its economy as that stands revealed in its harmony with the whole economy of creation, for if this soul within me; this spirit of thought, and love, and infinite desire, dissolve as well as the body, the noblest demonstra-

tion of Divine economy, the crown and glory of it, fails. As well may some foolish Indian on the peninsula of Michigan tell his fellow savages that your lumbermen are cutting down those great trees, that have solidified the sun and rain of centuries, and bearing them away, merely that they may be wasted, as that I shall say the great results of a life, as they are grown up into men and women, and then lifted out of this life as God will, into that which is to come, are destroyed. "Death," says a fine thinker, "is naught but the soul's birth." In the sense in which the tree that has grown in the wilderness is taken for nobler uses when that life is perfected, built up into a home or a church, or the sapling is taken from the nursery and set out in the orchard and blooms and fruitens and blesses the world. This must be true, and the first necessity of the life to come lies in the fact that nothing is wasted in the great household of God.

Second. This, again, is in exact harmony with what is passing in the soul itself, as it thinks about what has come of life.

There is a certain sort of nature, I know, that is careless about the life to come altogether, and neither believes in it or desires it. Universal experience shows us, however, that these men are they whose nature and life have been eaten up and destroyed by worldliness, or sin, or overcome by sorrow, and who cannot feel the life to come, or who fear it, because this to them has been so very sad. The great wholesome nature of man is all the other way. Not a true soul has ever come to seventy, that has not felt how good it will be to carry the experiences and accomplishments of three score years and ten into another life. Not in their bulk, but in their essence, as a whole valley full of roses can be inclosed in one vial. Indeed, we all feel, as we get on in life, that somehow our life has been less a finality than a preparation, less an end than a means. We have been learning all the time—creeping up a little, if we have been faithful—and even if we have not been faithful we have found out how much better it would have been if we had, as the man at fifty who neglected his books at fifteen does not need to be convinced, if he has any sense at all, that it would have been better for him then to get all they had to give, and poor fellow—he says to himself a thousand times, if I had it to do again, I would do better. Thank God for such a longing,

and that when he gets another chance he may hope to feel it still. Such a man will be one whole life time behind the man who has always done his best. This to me is the great matter, that the noblest and best men when they come to the termination of their life, see that they have only come to the termination of an apprenticeship, in which everything they have learned is to be brought into use, and so the necessity of the life to come lies in the sense that there *ought* to be one, in order to make the best of this. If at seventeen we could have the wisdom of seventy, this feeling and necessity would not be so strong; but the truth is, that nineteen-twentieths of the human family blunder along, bruise themselves against evil and error, and only find out how to live by blunders and bruises. How pitiful, then, it would be if this *could* be all there is, and the end of life should only bring the sad conclusion that three score years and ten have been spent in learning a secret that was of no use when it was learned, because there was no time to apply it. Observation and instinct alike, then, point to this necessity for living again in a life to come, in order to make anything decent of this.

Third. I need not tell you that there is a greater reason than this that lies in the fact that we are forever below or beside our intrinsic existence, and that the best of us feel when we have done all, we have done nothing but get ready to do.

There is a divine quality in the noblest lives that to me is still the perfection of all this argument. It is given to a few to feel that life is not only a preparation but an accomplishment too. Some souls walk on in life and make no blunders, they are *not* compelled to fall back, they are wiser at twelve years old than the rest of us at seventy—I mean men like Pascal—and consecrate their whole life to humanity and God. If one could ever imagine a soul saying, “This is enough, there is no need of a life to come, I have done all that one man can do in this life,” these would be the men to give this testimony; but that which they do give is the deepest assurance ever given that they will go right on and do still more and better in the eternal life than they have ever done in this.

In this conviction they will endure the cross, despising the shame, and declare that the eternal life pulses already in their

hearts. And to me the last necessity of the life to come lies in this great, sacred conviction of it; that shines as gloriously in such souls as the sun shines in a mirror; the life they live now is very great and good. Holding it sacred as they do for sacred purposes, it must be worth far more to them than life is to those who squander it away on baser things. You can never find these men ready to sell that on which their life to come is planted so that they may save this. When the question comes up whether they will make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, darken their future, and live forty years longer, or die by any horrible torture, they will always die. This is nothing to that. They gladly take the life to come and give up this, sure that nothing is lost but that all is gained, and then like Elijah, the chariot of fire bears them out of death to God. Here, as I come at last to my text, is the noblest instance of all. Touching this cross on Calvary we touch the citadel no doubt can ever storm. There we say is one, whatever may become of us and our life to come, who entered the eternal life, when the great agony was over and the end had come. We hear that cry, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," and we know that it is the trust of a child with the faith of a son, and the dearest and divinest last word that ever fell from His lips was an assurance to you and me and every man of us that can say "Our Father," and can come to the Father, and be his child. This, to me, is where we come to the full assurance. Nature supplies one reason for the life to come; the honest and universal human instinct another, but the highest and best and last is that which rests in this revelation made through the highest spiritual nature of which we have any knowledge. I look at this life we are living and I can see how much there is in it of pain, sorrow, and loss, and the hope deferred that makes the heart sad. We dream more in a minute than we can perform in a year; and the earth is a point not only with respect to the heavens above us, but the heavens within us. Everywhere within and about, is this inadequacy of the present. Children die in their childhood, youth in its bloom, men in their prime, and old age in its ripeness, but all alike they are yonder-minded, and those who have done most are least contented and look most directly to doing more. "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit," each cries after his own

fashion, and departs; but our life is "hid with Christ in God," and though it does not yet appear what we shall be, we know that when He who is our life shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

O God, almighty, ever present God,
Vain are the thousand fears that shake men's hearts,
Unutterably vain, worthless as withered weeds,
Or as the froth upon the furious main,
How can we doubt again—
Holding so fast thine infinity—
And surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality?

HEALING MEDIUMSHIP.

BY J. H. POWELL,

Of all the varieties of mediumship none are more important and practicably valuable than the Healing. It is true that skeptics may not, even where wonderful cures are effected, see any reason whatever to trace the power manifested to the direct or indirect action of disembodied spirits, nevertheless, there is no argument worth a straw that ignores spirit action in the process of healing by the laying on of hands. The multiplicity of cures by what is variously termed Psychology, Mesmerism, Magnetism, aided often by Clairvoyance, may be all attributable to spirit action in greater or less degree.

It is true that ordinary individuals whose inner faculties of vision and prevision have not been developed cannot get personal evidence of spirit action in the operations of Mesmerists and Psychologists. But that is no reason for deciding that such action is altogether impossible.

We see through a glass darkly, even the best of us. Yet some of us do see wonders even in the way of Healing, which are "miracles" to the orthodox scientist of the day.

Only a few days ago a great man, Dr. Elliotson, left the mortal form for Spirit Land. I had the privilege of his acquaintance and can testify to his expressions of gratitude for the light of Spiritualism which came to him in the winter of life through the

mediumship of Mr. Howe. Dr. Elliotson many years ago enjoyed a reputation as an allopathic physician of the highest rank. Yet he dared boldly to defend Mesmerism, or the Healing Power by the "laying on of hands," and actually lost in his practice by his innovations on established medical rules some £5,000, \$25,000 a year. I have said Dr. Elliotson was a *great* man, yet he was an inveterate opponent of Spiritualism, wrote in "The Zoist," a scientific magazine, in the interest of Mesmerism many hard and strong things against Spiritualism. But he was always sincere. "The Zoist" was established and conducted by the Doctor fourteen years, during which he carried on Mesmeric manipulations, effecting many marvelous cures, and established the Mesmeric Infirmary in London, which turns out yearly numbers of cures that the hospitals disposed of as "incurables."

It is no small matter for Spiritualism to claim such a man as Elliotson. He was of all men I ever met one of the hardest and toughest materialists, believing that in himself lay the charm which effected the cure of his patients. Yet Spiritualism came to him, and during his latter years and a lengthened sickness ministered as no materialistic philosophy could.

Elliotson was just the man to take up the subject of Mesmerism, for he possessed not only a clear, sharp intellect, but indomitable courage so necessary to the Reformer, especially in the department of medicine, which has its bigots and interested patrons as well as Theology. He has passed to the Higher Life and left his memorable deeds to posterity. He told me when I last saw him, that, thanks to the knowledge of Spiritualism, his views were changed respecting Mesmerism, and he was convinced that spirits aided in the cures effected by the "laying on of hands."

And this is the logical conclusion of all thinkers who have any acquaintance with spirit phenomena.

I have met many Healing Mediums and have invariably discovered great benevolence of character. Of all persons, the Healer should possess strong sympathies, and does so.

Dr. J. R. Newton visited England, and called upon me. I saw at a glance that his nature was brimful of good nature, and in every way adapted to the work assigned to him. He recognizes the action of spirits through his magnetism. I saw him make a

cripple who had not walked without crutches for two years, walk away with the crutches on his shoulder. This was in one of the streets of London. The man was on his way to the hospital, where he saw his doctor and told him of the "miracle" performed upon him by a stranger in the open street. The doctor declared it was only imposition, that there was no cure produced. The man was psychologized by the doctor to renew his crutches.

What a blessing for society it will be when Healing Mediumship supercedes, which it is destined to do, the *Pharmacopœia*.

When I lectured in New York I had the rare privilege and pleasure of spending several hours at intervals with Dr. J. P. Bryant, who had a few months before returned from California, where he had, according to reports of papers by no means favorable to innovations on the old system of therapeutics, performed a large number of extraordinary cures.

In six months, in California, the doctor had under treatment 13,552 patients, and actually cured eighty per cent. of that vast number. Here are trophies worthy any hero. In the hearts of a majority of those patients Dr. Bryant must be sainted, for such work is surely sanctified. I found the doctor really gifted with Healing Power, for he laid his hand upon me when I was suffering intense pain, and I felt not only instant but permanent benefit. It is to me a pleasure to speak a word for Healing Mediums, especially when I find them like Drs. Newton and Bryant, brimful of benevolence and sympathy, and devoted to their mission.

Dr. Bryant is a scientific Healer, that is, he does not approve of the word "miracle." He will not hurry his patients out of his hands half cured, but patiently and persistently asks for time. Yet he recognizes the action of spirits in his cures, the same as Newton, and others.

The world needs Reform in Therapeutics as much as in Theology, social laws or politics. Drug shops are resorted to even more than public houses; and who shall compute the exact quantum of calomel swallowed by the sick. I verily believe that alcohol holds an infinitesimal space in the general human stomach in comparison with calomel. On the other side there are myriads of good Healers, Indian spirits and others, who are only too happy to come to mediums and aid in restoring health to the sick—all

they require is a willingness on the part of the medium and patient, and a recognition of arbitrary conditions.

Magnetism is life. It flows to the outer from the inner world, and is nature's true doctor. Disease originates in a loss of vitality. Drugs more often increase than remove disease. I have been a sufferer many years from the allopathic bolus and know from experience what loss of vitality means. Nature's restoratives are always simple and certain if allowed full effect. Fresh air, proper exercise and food; temperance in all things, eating, drinking, sleeping, working, reading, thinking, talking, etc., together with congenial magnetism are the unfailing sources of health. Thanks be given to God for Spiritualism, which is developing Healing Mediums to restore the sick to health, and at the same time striking a death blow at excessive drug medication.

As in all systems, so in the Healing, quacks will hang out the genuine colors and pass for what they are not. This is unavoidable in a rotten state of society like ours. But allow me to say—not a word in favor of quackery—but that magnetic quacks are, at the worst, less injurious to society than the allopathic quacks who poison half the cases they undertake.

It is a good thing to do good, gratifying in the extreme to all generous natures. What can afford gratification of the kind like healing the sick? Latent Healing Mediums abound in multitudes—they only require stimulating to be of real service to sick and diseased humanity. Let none, however, assume the mission of doctor who are not sympathetic and benevolent, lest the magnetism of selfishness interpose to the injury rather than benefit of the patient.

Spiritualists have a vast work before them, all kinds of blundering to remove. Blundering in Church, State, law and physies. Society is heavily laden with the effects of such blundering. God and the angels are with all faithful workers. Mediums are instruments of delicate structure, requiring much fostering and kindness. Let us do our duty by them, and whilst recognizing the divine uses of all degrees and kinds of Mediumship, not forget that the Healing is not the least important. Drs. Bryant, Newton, and others are doing a holy work. Heaven bless them.

Boston, September 22, 1868.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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OUR PROSPECTS.

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM, "born of poor but respectable parents," is a success. With the present number we close the first half of volume 1. A pleasant voyage we have had of it so far—much more so than could have been anticipated. We made calculations to row against "wind and tide," the first year. We expected to lose from \$30 to \$40 per month on, at least, the first twelve numbers; but six numbers are now before our readers and we are happy to announce that the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM has paid its way. "And still they come." Not a mail but brings us new subscribers. In the east, west, north and south our work is appreciated. It is a satisfaction to labor when we have the pleasure of knowing that the public feel the need of just such a work as we are doing.

Any amount of as good matter as types ever were made to print is coming in, our only difficulty is to select from our mass of material; it is all good—all worthy of going into just such a journal as ours.

When we commenced we queried whether we should make our journal free and independent. We were, however, not long in deciding that question. We said, "Let us *kill* the ROSTRUM with its independent fidelity to truth and principle, rather than save its life by swerving to the right or left, or toadying in the least to the opinions of others." Our readers have appreciated our position. Their voice is, "Give us a perfectly independent journal, one which is not afraid to take a position on any subject, or go anywhere, where truth may lead, and we are with you."

Believing that "truth shall conquer at last," we have determined to print it, though every subscriber should order his paper

stopped as a consequence. The magazine form, also, proves to be just the thing. Liberal Spiritualists want something they can read, then put into the hands of a neighbor to read, get bound and have in a permanent form. Such is the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM. There are folio and quarto weeklies enough in the Spiritual field; one must be hard to please who cannot be suited with some of them. The great desideratum needed was a magazine—one which would not be in the way of the various ably conducted weeklies—one that would co-operate with them, and thus each could be a help to the other. We saw the gap for us, and have taken our position in it. Angels have kindly blessed and helped us, subscribers have come in until we can announce the ROSTRUM on a firm financial basis.

Here we would remind all of our readers that we have started out on the *advance pay* system, and will adhere to it. We are determined to be as independent in that as in other matters. This number will be the last one that our six months' subscribers will receive until we hear from them. Most cordially do we invite them to accompany us through another six months' voyage.

We assure all that the ROSTRUM will be more interesting the next six months than it has up to the present. Winter evenings are now upon us, the Presidential campaign is over, and now is the time to study the *pros* and *cons* of our philosophy. We are working with all our might to make the ROSTRUM a first-class Monthly Magazine. Although it is now only six months old it has exerted an influence toward a broader and more exalted plane of Thought.

"Pen Sketches of Reformers," are to be resumed and printed as fast as room can be made for them. Send in your renewals, you shall have a journal commensurate with the support you give us. As our patrons may not know the length of time to which they subscribed, we will put a cross on the cover of each one's paper whose time has expired. Please consider it an invitation to re-enlist in the support of the ROSTRUM.

M. H.

OUR CAUSE IN MICHIGAN.

We spent a part of August and all of September in Michigan, and are more than happy to bear testimony to the onward march of our cause in that State. Michigan has finally proved that sober, industrious, steady, harmonious and talented labor will bring its reward. The Spiritualists in that State have, for the past twelve months, enjoyed a *revival*—a regular *pentecostal feast* as the result of the labor expended in that State.

Bro. D. M. Fox, of Lyons, has proved himself worthy, so far as earthly forces are concerned, of being commander-in-chief of the Spiritual army. If the position assigned him by the "American Spiritual Association," does for that body what his position as President of the State Association of Spiritualists of Michigan has done for that Association, then, as Thomas Corwin said of Gen. Jackson, "*all hell can't stop the work.*" The *Present Age*, not yet six months old, is a large, healthy, neatly printed sheet, with a paying list of subscribers, and backed by a paid capital stock of between five and ten thousand dollars. Brothers Fox and Brown are certainly successful as editors. There are few papers that give the general satisfaction to their readers as that manifested among the readers of the *Age*.

Our labors were principally in Kalamazoo county, and to appreciate our feelings one would need to have been in among the running gear of the Spiritual machinery of that county four years ago and now. Four years ago the best workers of the county were killed—literally *crucified*, but thanks to the powers above, on the third annual day they had a resurrection, and now the cause in their hands is moving with almost lightning speed. Wm. Weyburn, M. D., of Kalamazoo, is President of the County Circle, an honest, faithful servant of the people, quietly but always steadily at work. The people have unbounded confidence in his zeal and practicability, and hence second any move he makes for the advancement of the cause. Mrs. S. E. Weyburn, the wife of the Dr., works all the time with head, heart and hands for the advancement of our common cause. In her life, preaching

and practice is so perfectly interblended that it would be hard to find the dividing line.

Mrs. Frank J. Reed has spent several months of the present year in that County. Her lectures, poems, singing and tests, all of which are given under spirit control, have won for her hosts of warm friends; every day increases her popularity, and one month's services always bring the demand for another. She loves the labor and suffering in behalf of the truths which are more dear to her than all else.

The foul tongue of slander has done its utmost to depreciate our work and workers, but

"Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

A Sanctuary of the "Order of Eternal Progress" has been organized in Kalamazoo, and is in fine running order. They now have their own hall, one of the neatest in Kalamazoo, which they rent to the Spiritualists, thus insuring regular Spiritual meetings in a neat and tidy hall.

We are happy to announce that Dr. Slade has resumed his regular visits to Kalamazoo. His fine clairvoyant perceptions, together with his physical manifestations, all in the light, are making hosts of friends for Spiritualism.

Our work is onward, Angels are blessing; and we feel encouraged to buckle on the armor anew, to fight with more zeal than ever before. Friends, hold up the hands of the workers. Assist them not only with greenbacks, but let good, healthful currents of magnetism, from hearts welling up with a love of truth and purity, go to their souls on the magnetic chains of your prayers—chains which hold this and the spirit world in close communion. M. H.

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BAD WOMEN—HOW ARE THEY TO BE SAVED?

Ours is a work of reform, and as reformers we must look at and take hold of the needs of the world. Let us be charged with burying the body and brains of the *ROSTRUM* with questions

which do not concern it rather than leaving a stone which can be turned for the good of humanity unturned.

The one crying evil of the age, the one which does more to send the world *hell-wards* than any other, is, in our opinion, the large and increasing number of lewd women there are in the world. In our large cities they are to be met on almost every street corner; and one can hardly put up at a popular hotel, especially if the landlord finds that traveling is his business, but that he is met by a clerk who will say to him in a low tone of voice, "Will you have your room *well* furnished?" This means, will you have a painted courtesan for a sleeping companion? How many young men are there now, who live, alas! as too many do, on whisky, beer and tobacco, can have the courage to say, No? Be assured that it is the smallest number, especially when so many of their traveling companions are doing the same thing. Human nature is such that it learns, by close contact with crime, to cease to shudder at it, so that after a little time the crime of stepping aside from virtue is secretly winked at as an innocent amusement rather than abhorred as a plague which will morally and physically undermine the constitution of the one who partakes.

Now, the question is, what shall be done? It is of but little use to preach to men while there are so many millions of lewd women in the world. We all know better than we do. It is not because men do not internally feel that they are bringing upon themselves a worse than living death that they pursue such a course; but it is because temptations are placed before them greater than they can bear. All are guided more or less by impulse and passion, and when these elements get control of an individual he does not stop to weigh facts and consequences. He does not say, "Now, if I indulge in this, it will afford me a few moments of sensual pleasure at the expense of my physical health, my family enjoyments, my conscience and my manhood, together with the fact that I have irreparably wronged all parties concerned, myself above all." No, he only says, "My passions call and I obey." Thus "he is led like a lamb to the slaughter," and his manhood is sacrificed on the altar of passion. The question again comes up, What shall be done? Would that we could repeat it in thunder tones, *What shall be done with the women?*

Two things have been most effectually tried.

1st. We have kept the world in most blissful ignorance of the rate at which such crime is increasing on our hands.

2d. We have abused and traduced such characters, and *prostituted* pen and voice to the unholy work of defaming persons who have been *compelled* by our social institutions to sell their virtue, as ministers do their sermons, as doctors do their pills, for bread and butter. Now, after years of experience, it will be acknowledged on all hands, that these plans have failed. Again we ask, *What shall be done?*

Individually, we never have advocated the superiority of the male over the female sex. In many respects the female is superior. Woman holds the power. She can draw man up or down, as she chooses. If man ever is saved, (and he will be,) it must be by and through woman; hence, our work of saving the world must begin with the women. Not by preaching precepts to her—not by trying to drive or force her to or from a certain course of life, but by inaugurating a system of principles, the carrying out of which will give her the status and position nature intended she should have. Elevate woman socially, put her on the plane that her genius and talents have made for her. Give her something to do, and pay her well for doing that something, and you have saved her. Save her and she has redeemed the race.

For a few years past, since we have dared to think, we have investigated this matter, and observation has taught us that three-fourths of the prostitutes in the world have been driven to adopt that mode of life to gain a livelihood. The avenues to an honest living have very many of them been closed against woman; there was no course of life left for her but to steal, starve or sell herself. Many of them have done the latter. Who is to blame? We answer most emphatically, Those who have helped crush them by using their influence against giving them the positions which legitimately belong to them.

Men, to you we appeal. Would you save yourselves? Then save woman. Instead of paying your money "for that which satisfieth not," use it in bringing about a state of affairs where woman won't be *compelled* to lead the life too many of them are now living.

Could we have the money which is daily expended on lewd women, for whisky, beer and tobacco, we could guarantee a perfect, free and full salvation of the race.

M. H.

“LET US PRAY!”

Our neighbor, the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in commencing his enlarged volume, announces that he will not publish even “well authenticated communications from spirits,” if they do not meet his “idea of propriety.” We do not understand from this that he means to *proscribe* “free speech” of spirits out of earthly bodies, although his language indicates it. Some people’s “idea of propriety” is that any expression of “infidelity” or “heresy” is dangerous and *ought* to be suppressed. *Free speech is the safe-guard of human liberty!* Therefore, we are in favor of the exercise of this right by our risen friends as well as by spirits living in earthly bodies. We believe that *all* thought, from whatever source, ought to be subject to criticism. No doubt this is what our cotemporary means when he proposes to “reject” some communications.

Now, inasmuch as we have the right to exercise our individual judgment in the examination of the mental manifestations of Spiritualism, why have we not the same right in the investigation of the physical phenomena to reject as spurious whatever, in our judgment, is so, and when we see fraud to *say* fraud? Yet, because we have taken precisely this course we are denounced as an enemy to mediums by Spiritualists, who have not yet developed above sectarian bigotry. We would rather be right and cursed, than wrong and applauded. We need not expect that an unswerving devotion to our own highest conceptions of right will always insure us the good will of our fellow beings in this world. We have ever cherished a warm regard for mediums of all classes; but entertain a supreme contempt for *impostors*—that is the difference. We do not wish it understood that we *hate* the man or woman who debases himself or herself so low as to act such a detestable part: it is the *impostor* upon whom we make war. Several of our friends might have saved themselves a great deal of gall

and bitterness had they kept this distinction in view, and thus improved an opportunity to have *preached* Charity less and *practiced* it more.

We know of no one that professes to be a Spiritualist and yet is an enemy of mediumship, nor do we believe any one else does. We do know many who are opposed to charlatry or imposition, in any form, by which to sustain our Philosophy. *Spiritualism needs no such supports.* If it cannot prosper without deception, based as it is upon the immutable rock of Truth, infinitely better for the race that it crumble into ruins.

They who are opposed to a searching investigation of all the claims to mediumship are no more worthy of our confidence and respect than the impostors whom they seek to screen by the ample folds of the cloak of charity, or in the holy name of Spiritualism.

The Harmonial Philosophy is not predicated upon the popish maxim that a lie is as good as the truth. Because it is true it will bear the closest analysis, and the nicest tests of science, moving on in its majestic strength to gladden generations yet unborn. The Spiritualistic press ought to take a position in advance of petty personalities, should be candid, independent in its utterances, impartial in the discussion of any question pertaining to human well being, welcome criticism, temper its spirit by genial, brotherly kindness, to the end that the children of father and mother Nature may become more receptive of Truth.

W. F. J.

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REV. ROBERT COLLYER'S SERMON.

Agreeably to a promise made in the last number of the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM, we this month lay before our readers the Sermon of Rev. Robert Collyer. We have written our Reply, but the want of room forbids its publication in this number. It will appear in our next issue.

If those who feel friendly to the cause of Spiritualism will assist us in circulating the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM, we will soon have a subscription list that will warrant us in publishing a Magazine second to none in America.

NEW BOOKS, PERIODICALS, ETC.

THE HARVESTER: FOR GATHERING THE RIPENED CROPS ON EVERY HOMESTEAD. LEAVING THE UNRIPE TO MATURE. *By a Merchant.* Boston: Wm. White & Co., 158 Washington Street. Chicago: Western News Company, corner of Dearborn and Madison Streets. Pp. 150. Price \$1.00.

A copy of this beautiful little volume has been laid on our table. We have not given the book a thorough reading, but from the cursory examination we have given it we would most cordially recommend it to all who are desirous of knowing how the great work of Harvesting is going on in the world of human intellect. It would seem from reading the author's preface that the thoughts embodied in this little volume were not his own, but those of the angels. In his preface he states as follows: "Having no other experience than that of a mechanic and trader, my mind became greatly exercised; and at times the most intense mental anguish would overwhelm me. In these seasons of sorrow, thoughts before unknown to me were *forced* upon my mind, which found relief only in writing out those peculiar thoughts this little volume faithfully portrays." This work contains many very peculiar thoughts, which it would be well for those in search of truth to peruse, as, perchance, they might find some golden grains which would be invaluable to them.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Published weekly by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn St., Chicago. S. S. Jones, Editor. Terms \$3.00 per annum.

This journal is now enlarged to its former size. Most of the matter contained in number one of the new volume is interesting. We notice that some of the old communications which we reported, as spoken by Mrs. Robinson in 1866, are being republished. Some of the circles at which these messages were received were, indeed, very pleasant and instructive. The editor now invites communications from all parts of the country through reliable media, and *reserves* the right to decide what to publish and what to reject, just the same as if the contributions came from minds in earthly bodies. This, we think, is as it should be. There may be some narrow-minded believers in Spiritualism who superstitiously accept whatever spirits tell them, and are struck dumb with awe if one has the audacity to call in question anything a

spirit may say; such minds will no doubt consider the editor of the *Journal* an enemy to mediums, but it will be because they have not yet outgrown their bondage to mere Authority. W. F. J.

UNITED STATES MUSICAL REVIEW. Price \$2.00 per annum. Single copies 25 cents. New York: J. L. Peters, 198 Broadway. Chicago: DeMotte Brothers, 91 Washington Street.

This sterling Monthly for October has been received. Each number contains from twelve to thirteen pages of interesting Musical Reading, Art Items, Reviews, etc., together with from twelve to fourteen pages of Piano Songs and Piano Pieces, by such authors as Will. S. Hayes, J. R. Thomas, C. Kinkel, Pacher, Dressler, and others, thus giving in each number from \$1.50 to \$2.00 worth of choice new music, by the most popular writers. If our musical readers would send for a single copy, we have no doubt but they would be so well pleased with it as to be induced to become regular subscribers.

PETERS' MONTHLY GLEE HIVE. Price \$3.00 per annum. Single copies 30 cents. New York: J. L. Peters, 198 Broadway. Chicago: DeMotte Brothers, 91 Washington Street.

The Glee Hive contains fourteen pages of Music consisting of sacred and secular Gleees, Trios, Quartets, Opera Choruses, etc., arranged principally for mixed voices, with occasional pieces for male and female voices, to which are added an Accompaniment for the Piano *ad lib.*

THE HERALD OF REFORM.—Such is the title of a new weekly Spiritual paper just started by Wilson Nicely, at Indianapolis. It is a good looking sheet and well deserves the patronage of the Indiana Spiritualists. Bro. Nicely is an old acquaintance of ours. He is worthy of patronage. Give him a helping hand. M. H.

INFAILLIBLE TOBACCO CURATIVE, OR ANTIDOTE.

Persons who have become addicted to the use of tobacco, and wish to leave off, will find this vegetable compound possessed of the requisite power to enable them to do so in a very short time. Its effects on the system are perfectly harmless. We would recommend its use to all who desire to rid themselves of the obnoxious habit of chewing or smoking tobacco.

Constantly for sale at this office.